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NOMAD™

THE FAUSTUS AFFAIR CONCLUSION!

DIRECT EDITION
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Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America.

STAN LEE PRESENTS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND NOMAD IN

BURIED TREASURES

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN ME TRYING TO FIND FAUSTUS, AND CAP TRYING TO FIND ME, THE WANDERERS FOUND US!

EVERYONE TAKE THREE GIANT STEPS BACKWARDS--

--OR I START USING THAT SWEATY CANYON BETWEEN YOUR FURROWED BROWS AS TARGET PRACTICE!

FABIAN NICIEZA — WRITER
BILL WYLIE — PENCILER
GREG ADAMS
SCOTT KOBLISH — INKERS
JIM NOVAK — LETTERER
JIM HOSTON — COLORIST
GLENN HERDLING — EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO — EDITOR IN CHIEF

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ONE THING YOU GUYS SHOULD UNDERSTAND BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR DECISION...

...I'VE HAD A PRETTY LOUSY--OH, DECADE, I GUESS--

-- SO I'D JUST AS SOON SHOOT ALL OF YOU AS PUT UP WITH ANY STUPIDITY.

DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH, JACK.

LISTEN T'CAP, MONROE--I GOT HIS SHIELD.!!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CHISEL.

YOU DO.

KAPHOOM

AAAAH--!

PUFFT

NOW YOU NEITHER HAVE CAP'S SHIELD...

...NOR AN ANKLE.

JACK...

HEY! HEY!!

URRMMM

...THAT

WAS

TOTALLY

FSHWING

UNCALLED

FACHANG

--FOR!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CAP. IT WAS.

SO YOU TAKE CARE OF THE WANDERERS.

YOU KEEP THEM FROM ASSASSINATING THE SLUG...

...WHILE I GO AFTER THE MAN THAT FORCED ME TO LEAD THIS HIT IN THE FIRST PLACE--

--FAUSTUS IS MINE!

JACK!

FLINTLOCK-- SHOOT MONROE NOW!

NO.

AS MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE TO KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO THE LAD, SHOOT-ING HIM IS A BIT TOO EXTREME.

KAPWOOMPH

FCHNG

JACK KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE LEFT ME TO TAKE CARE OF FAUSTUS'S LITTLE HIT SQUAD.

KEEPING ME OCCUPIED GIVES HIM A RUNNING HEAD START ON APPRE-HENDING FAUSTUS HIMSELF.

BUT SINCE I'M NOT CERTAIN IF JACK'S CURRENT STATE OF MIND WILL STOP AT JUST APPREHENDING THE MAD DOCTOR...

...THE ONLY WAY I'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP TO JACK NOW IS BY TAKING ALL OF YOU OUT...

...AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE...

...SHALL WE BEGIN--?

I'M ABLE TO MAKE IT BACK TO FAUSTUS'S NUT WARD IN HALF AN HOUR.

"I WAS GONE, BUT I WANDERED BACK."

HE'S CLEAR.

A PART OF ME WANTS TO RUN AWAY.

JUST FORGET ABOUT THE ANIMAL AND RUN AWAY FROM THE THINGS HE'S FORCED ME TO REMEMBER.

BECAUSE NOW THAT HE'S SCRAMBLED MY MIND, I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAS WORSE--

--HAVING HAD NO MEMORY OF MY PAST-- OF MY CHILDHOOD-- OF MY FAMILY--

--OR REGAINING ALL OF IT?

PIECE BY PIECE, THEY START TO COME BACK. THE MEMORIES.

SOMEONE TURNED A FAUCET ON THAT OPENED THE FLOOD-GATES.

AND NOW I'M DROWNING.

DROWNING IN MYSELF.

IN MY PAST.

MY FATHER.

MY MOTHER:

MY SISTER.

WHAT DID I DO TO ALL OF THEM?

WHAT DID I DO TO MYSELF?

ALL I CAN REMEMBER NOW IS HIS FIST HITTING ME--AGAIN AND AGAIN--WHENEVER I WENT INTO THE BASEMENT--

--AND HE KEPT SAYING, "DON'T TALK, JACK! NEVER TELL ANYONE WHAT YOU SEE DOWN HERE!"

AND HE'D POUND IT INTO US. AGAIN AND AGAIN.

AND I KNEW, MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD, I KNEW I SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT MY DADDY'S BASEMENT...

...GOD HELP ME, IT'S ALL SO HARD TO REMEMBER...

...BUT I THINK I DID...

...I THINK I DID TALK...

DIFFICULT, ISN'T IT, MR. MONROE, TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF?

FAUSTUS--AND THE ORDERLIES--HIS PRIVATE GUARDS--

THERE IS NO NEED FOR BLOODSHED BETWEEN US, JACK.

I CAN HELP YOU.

HAVEN'T YOU HELPED ME ENOUGH?

I CAN HELP YOU EVEN MORE, JACK.

I CAN HELP YOU FORGET EVERYTHING I'VE JUST PUT YOU THROUGH.

OR I CAN HELP YOU REMEMBER IT ALL, CLEARLY, IN PAINFULLY VIVID DETAIL.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS, JACK.

BUT IT IS A CHOICE YOU WILL BE UNABLE TO MAKE IF YOU KILL ME NOW, OR FORCE MY MEN TO KILL YOU.

SO, JACK... WHICH SHALL IT BE...?

THE FARMHOUSE OF JILL COLTRAIN, CLUTIER, IOWA.

BRRRRMCHKCHK

BART--?

WHY, SENATOR BARTHOLOMEW INGRID, YOU LOOK GREAT!

SO DO YOU, JILL. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING UP?

IT'S GOING INTO FORE-CLOSURE.

THE FARM?

BEEN BETTER, BART.

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH IT SINCE BILL PASSED AWAY.

YOU KNOW YOU'LL *ALWAYS* HAVE A PLACE WITH *US*, JILL.

I KNOW, THANKS.

IT'S COMFORTING TO KNOW A HELPING HAND WILL BE THERE WHEN I NEED IT, BUT-- BUT...

THIS ISN'T ABOUT THE FARM, IS IT?

IT'S ALL FALLING APART AT ONCE, BART...

...SOMEONE CAME CALLING--THEY ASKED ME TO TURN ON YOU --BETRAY THE ENTIRE ORGANIZATION!

WHO, JILL?

A FRENCH MAN--CHEESE-CARD HEY-POORAY, HIS NAME IS.

GISCARD EPÚRER? THE FAVOR BANKER?

HE IS LOOKING TO ENTRAP ME--BLACK-MAIL ME NOW, WHILE I'M A RISING STAR IN THE SENATE--

--RATHER THAN CALL HIS MARKER DUE WHEN I'VE RISEN TO A LEVEL OF EVEN MORE POWER!

IT'S MORE THAN THAT, BART--HE TOLD ME JACK IS ALIVE!

DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS?

I KNOW HE IS ALIVE, JILL. WE HAVE KNOWN FOR YEARS. WE THOUGHT IT BEST YOU AND YOUR MOTHER NOT KNOW.

BUT HE HASN'T COME LOOKING FOR US.

WHICH MEANS HE DOESN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

WHICH IS RATHER UNFORTUNATE FOR HIM...

... SINCE WE ALL REMEMBER WHAT HE DID TO US...

BACK AT THE SLUG'S MANSION...

HONESTLY, ALL OF YOU...

...I REALLY DON'T MEAN TO SOUND ARROGANT OR COCKY--

--WHILE YOUR KIND WORE SWASTIKAS ON THEIR SLEEVES!

SHUKT

PRRRAOT

SHEEK

FCHING

--BUT ALL OF YOU ARE AWARE THAT I'VE BEEN FIGHTING AND TRIUMPHING OVER YOUR KIND--

AND KNOWING THAT, DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU HAVE A CHANCE OF DEFEATING ME?

SHUNT

CHUFFT

I THINK NOT.

CHAK

YA PINNED M'BOOT T'THE FLOOR?!

VERY OBSERVANT.

KRAKT

NOW, I CERTAINLY HOPE THIS HASN'T GIVEN JACK TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START.

I BELIEVE SINCE THE POLICE WILL BE TAKING ALL OF YOU INTO CUSTODY...

...YOU WON'T NEED THE ELECTRONIC KEYCARD TO ACCESS FAUSTUS'S ASYLUM?

"NOW LET'S SEE IF JACK'S GOTTEN HIMSELF *INTO*-- OR *CAUSED* MORE TROUBLE THAN HE'S CAPABLE OF HANDLING..."

WHAT DID YOU TELL, JACK?

WHO DID YOU TELL?

NNGM-- YOU SAID-- I WOULD--

--LOSE-- THE MEMORIES--

WHY CAN YOU NOT GET OVER THIS *BARRIER* IN YOUR MIND, JACK?!

NOW TELL ME, LITTLE BOY-- WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOUR FAMILY?

THEY CAN *NOT* BE ELIMINATED FROM YOUR *SUBCONSCIOUS* UNTIL THEY HAVE ALL BEEN *UNEARTHED*, JACK!

IF ANYONE CAN DO IT, THAT BUTCHER FAUSTUS CAN.

DON'T BE, DOCTOR. AFTER ALL, THE DESIRE TO *REPRESS* IS QUITE STRONG IN THE YOUNG MAN.

WILL HE BREAK AGAIN?

I AM QUITE SURPRISED THAT MR. MONROE, UNDER HIS OWN VOLITION, CHOSE TO UNDERGO THIS PROCEDURE AGAIN.

"THE REAL INTERESTING QUESTION IS-- WHY?"

WHY, JACK? WHY DID YOU DO IT?

DADDY-- THE MEN AT SCHOOL--

--THEY SAID THEY WERE YOUR FRIENDS-- THEY KNEW A LOT ABOUT YOU AN' MOMMY--

--SO, I BELIEVED 'EM--

BUT THEY WEREN'T FRIENDS OF YOUR FAMILY, WERE THEY, JACK?

WHO WERE THEY?

WHO DID YOU TALK TO, JACK?

WHO CAME TO YOU AT SCHOOL AND MADE YOU TELL ABOUT THE THINGS IN YOUR FATHER'S BASEMENT?

WHO WERE THEY, JACK?

THEY WERE FBI AGENTS.
THEY TOOK MY FATHER AWAY.
THEN THEY TOOK MY MOTHER.
AND WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, JACK?
I DON'T REMEMBER.
OH... BUT YOU WILL...
BOTH OF THEM--FOR BEING NAZI SYMPATHIZERS--
--FOR BEING A PART OF THE BUND ORGANIZATION--
--WHICH WAS STILL FIGHTING AGAINST THE UNITED STATES FOR YEARS AFTER THE WAR...
OUTSIDE...
APPROACHING THE COMPLEX IN CIVVIES WAS THE SAFEST ROUTE TO TAKE.
AT NIGHT, WITH THE POOR LIGHTING AROUND THIS PLACE, MOST SECURITY WOULD JUST THINK I'M AN EMPLOYEE.
ALTHOUGH THE WAY THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING LATELY, I MIGHT AS WELL BE AN INMATE!
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I WAS TURNED INTO A WEREWOLF!
EXACTLY HOW DID I GLOSS OVER THAT PART OF THE JOB DESCRIPTION WHEN I TOOK THIS JOB?
ENOUGH OF THAT... I HAVE TO FIND JACK--
--BEFORE HE COMMITS AN ACT FROM WHICH I SIMPLY WILL NOT LET HIM WALK AWAY.

THIS DRAINPIPE SHOULD GIVE ME EASY ACCESS TO THE ROOF...

...AND FROM THERE, KEEP SEARCHING THE SKYLIGHTS AND WINDOWS UNTIL I CATCH A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING...

TEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE--THE DOCTORS IN THAT OBSERVATION ROOM...

...WHO ARE THEY LOOKING--

--JACK--?!

KACHASHSH

I REMEMBER NOW!!

I REMEMBER MY PARENTS -- ALL OVER THE *NEWS*--

--*TRAITORS*, THEY WERE CALLED--

--I REMEMBER THE *TRIAL*--

--I REMEMBER THE *MEDIA*--

--I REMEMBER THE *HATRED* TOWARD ME AND MY SISTER--

--AND *WORST* OF ALL--

--I REMEMBER THE DAY MY PARENTS *DIED* IN THE *ELEC-TRIC CHAIR!*

I REMEMBER IT *ALL* NOW...

...BECAUSE OF YOU, FAUSTUS, I REMEMBER IT ALL!

INDEED, YOU DO. BRAVO, MY GALLANT WALL-CLIMBER--YOU HAVE VAULTED OVER THE FINAL BARRIERS.

NOW. WOULD YOU CARE TO FORGET THESE PAINFUL MEMORIES?

NO...

...TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, YOU PIG--

--I'D RATHER REMEMBER THEM ALL--

JACK--STOP! PUT THAT GUN DOWN! IMMEDIATELY!

--BECAUSE THEY HURT--

--AND THEY MAKE ME ANGRY--

--AND THEY MAKE ME CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO WHAT I WANT SO BADLY TO DO--

--AND THAT'S TO KILL YOU!!

YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO EXECUTE ANOTHER MAN, JACK?

I DEMAND JUSTICE!

IT APPEARS WE HAVE TWO VERY DIFFERENT DEFINITIONS OF THE WORD.

MY GOOD CAPTAIN, I ASSURE YOU, I ONLY DID AS THE YOUNG MAN REQUESTED.

HE CAME BACK HERE TO ASK ME TO UNLOCK THE HURTFUL MEMORIES BURIED DEEP WITHIN HIS MIND.

IS THIS TRUE, JACK?

IT IS.

AND...?

AND IT'S THE LAST MISTAKE FAUSTUS WILL EVER MAKE!

YOU CAN NOT KILL IN COLD BLOOD, JACK!

WHAT ABOUT ALASKA?

IN ALASKA, WE WERE BEING FIRED ON--YOU FIRED BACK--THAT WAS WAR --THIS IS MURDER.

WHY DO PEOPLE LIKE HIM ALWAYS GET AWAY, CAP?

HE WON'T GET AWAY. HE'S GOING TO JAIL.

A MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON?

A COUNTRY CLUB WITH BARS ON THE WINDOWS, FILLED WITH HIS DOCTOR BUDDIES AND THEIR ACCOUNTANTS?

HE GETS TO RELAX FOR MAYBE TWO YEARS, TOPS...

...I HAVE TO LIVE WITH WHAT I'D THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE...

WHAT DID HE MAKE YOU REMEMBER?

THE NEXT CLOSEST THING IN THE WORLD TO *DEATH*...

...HE MADE ME REMEMBER MY *LIFE*...

WAXLIN MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON OUTSIDE OF ORLANDO, FLORIDA. FIVE WEEKS LATER.

GOOD TOSS, JEFFREY!

HEY, DOC-- WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

TURKEY, MASHED POTATOES AND CRANBERRY SAUCE.

HOPE IT'S **REAL** SAUCE, NOT THAT JELLY STUFF, HUH?

DOC, IT'S GETTING CHILLY OUT-- YOU'D BETTER HEAD ON BACK TO YOUR ROOM.

OF COURSE, WILLIAM, THANK YOU.

IT'S BEEN REAL **ROUGH** ON YOU IN HERE, HASN'T IT?

NOW WHAT, MR. MONROE? ARE YOU GOING TO SHOOT ME?

THE THOUGHT HAD CROSSED MY MIND.

WHATEVER FOR? BECAUSE I GAVE YOU BACK UNPLEASANT MEMORIES OF YOUR CHILDHOOD?

NO... FOR MAKING THE MISERABLE LIE WHICH HAD BEEN MY LIFE UP UNTIL A MONTH AGO...

...A PREFERABLE OPTION.

HOW COULD YOU KILL ME FOR GIVING YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF?

IF MEMORY SERVES ME, DOC...

...AND IT DOES NOW...

...MY PARENTS ARE BOTH DEAD BECAUSE OF ME.

IF I HAVE THAT KIND OF BLOOD ON MY HANDS ALREADY--

--HOW HARD COULD IT BE TO ADD YOURS TO THAT STAIN?

KAPOW

END

A VIEW FROM THE HERD

Alternate Cover Department: We thought you'd get a kick out of seeing the initial cover for this issue, by interior penciler **Bill Wylie** and inker **Greg Adams!** We thought it was *terrific,* but when **Mike Golden** told us he was *dying* to do a cover featuring **Nomad** and **Captain America,** how could we refuse?!

Now before you pick up your pens to write, we realize that Nomad has short hair in this issue, and Bucky is no longer with Jack. But when we saw how cute Mr. Golden rendered Jack's former sidekick, we couldn't bring ourselves to remove her! Bucky fans take note — perhaps this is a sign of things to come!

Wood Shavings!

Glenn